

Camilla Rhodes

Between the Buried and Me

This moment is set.
Let's make magic.
You're the #1 girl; it's time to stay at the top,
it's time to stay at the top, it's time to stay at the top.
This is the song of the year.
We just recorded your orgasm.
The music wasn't shit anymore;
your sexual vibe carries across the land.
Daydream sex, broken marriage fuck.
You cause this shit.
Daydream sex, broken marriage fuck.
You cause this shit.
Everyone has been waiting for this moment; for this song.
This song of the year: "sexy, smooth, yet sophisticated."
The music is shit.
It's all about IMAGE, IMAGE, IMAGE, IMAGE
Fuck your song, you're looking good.
We just recorded your orgasm, and the money is rolling in.
Alone, alone, afraid, smile glued bright.
Feeling so dirty, sexed up by humans eyes.
An "artist" washed over, washed over, , pulled under.
The moment is set, let's make magic.
You're the #2 girl; it's time to kill for the top.
Let's show this song of the year. We videotaped your orgasm.
The music was never shit, we lied, we lied as you lay...
drained, tired and robbed of your self-expression...
you're a toy, lust, greed.
Insecure depression, the mirrors are laughingg at us.
Trying to be sexy queen, trying to be darling.
You've pounded in her little head
like daddy wants to pound in you, pounded you.
Trying to be sexy queen, trying to be darling.
You've pounded in her little head
like daddy wants to pound in you, pounded you.
Daydream sex, broken marriage fuck.
You case this shit.
Makeup, bras and lingerie no need for this algebra.
Family dinners silent, speaking only to ourselves...
This orgasm on the screen has molded our American dream.

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